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OF QUEENS' GARDENS

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THE ONTARIO INSTITUTE
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EMMA SCOTT RAFF

To Dear Mrs Richardson with the
love of the son-in-law Emma Scott Raff.

TO MY MOTHER, ELIZABETH
CUNNINGHAM SCOTT, AND MY
FRIEND, MARGARET W. EATON,
WHO MADE IT POSSIBLE FOR
ME TO DO MY WORK, I LOVINGLY
DEDICATE THIS LITTLE GROUP
"OF QUEENS' GARDENS."

INTRODUCTORY NOTE

BY

DR. BURWASH

PRESIDENT OF THE MARGARET EATON SCHOOL OF LITERATURE
AND EXPRESSION

THIS little booklet is both a poem and a parable. It is a poem of the beautiful in Nature and Art, a parable of the moods of the human soul seeking to find expression.

It was penned as an address to a class of girl graduates whose springtime aspirations had been cunningly linked to the flowers of the garden, and who thus could read a meaning in the address which was hidden from the uninitiated. His Honor, Sir John Gibson and Lady Gibson had favored us with their presence, and their wish with that of Mrs. Eaton and myself has led to its publication.

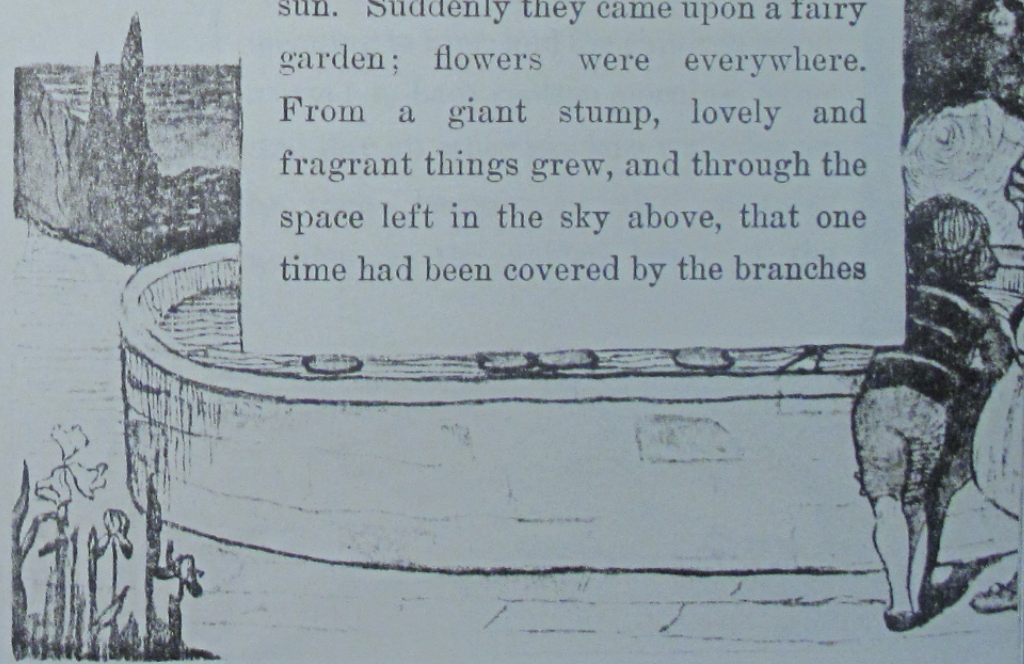
With the genius of the painter and the poet, the writer has given us a series of pictures in which the joys and sorrows of human hearts have wrought out their expression in a garden. It is not the first time that poetic genius has found a fitting theme for its choice work in a garden. But we cannot recall another instance in which history and humanity have been so skilfully and beautifully intertwined with the flowers of the garden as here. The little queens of the Canadian wild, the loving Victoria with heart ever true to her prince, the sad Elizabeth, the beautiful and beloved Alexandra, each has a mystery of the heart veiled from the careless common gaze but silently revealed to loving sympathy by the language of the flowers of the garden.

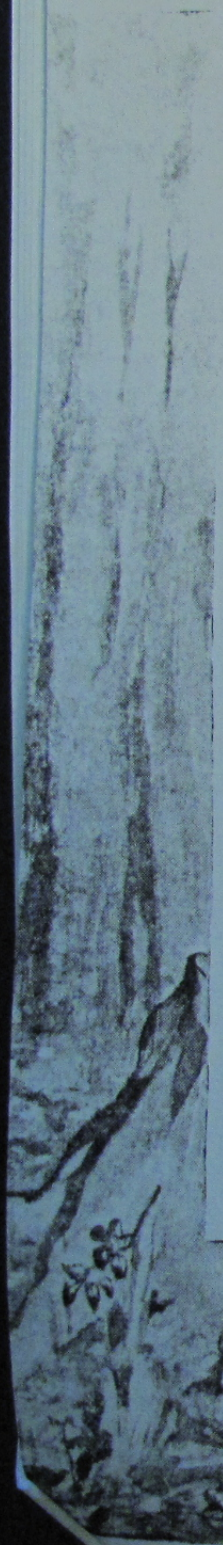
POTAWATAMIE RIVER.

A FAIRY QUEEN'S GARDEN.

The Garden of Instinct.

ALONG, long time ago, two children, straying along the bank of the Potawatamie River, saw a path leading through a forest of trees. Away off on the path shone the sunlight, so on they ran to find the sun. Suddenly they came upon a fairy garden; flowers were everywhere. From a giant stump, lovely and fragrant things grew, and through the space left in the sky above, that one time had been covered by the branches

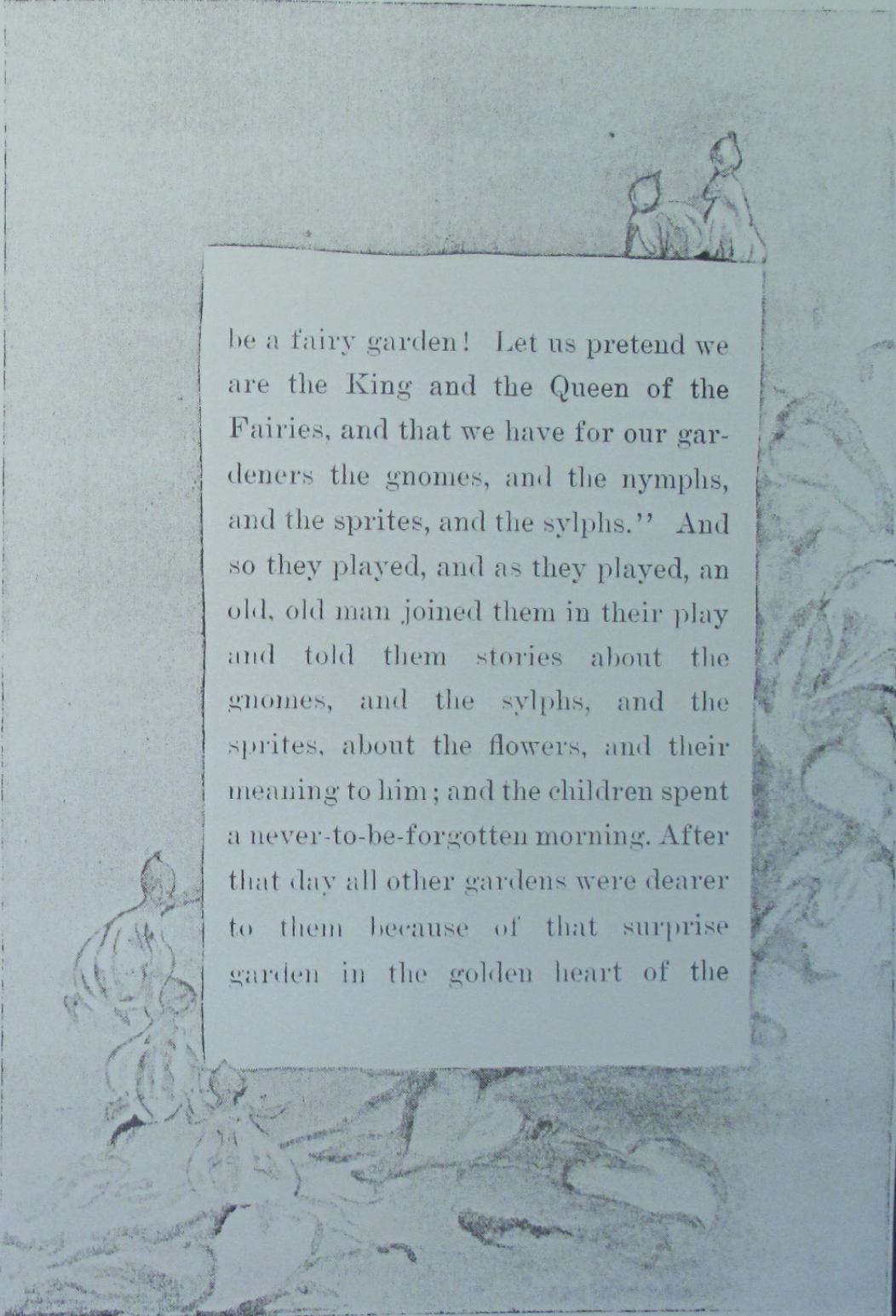




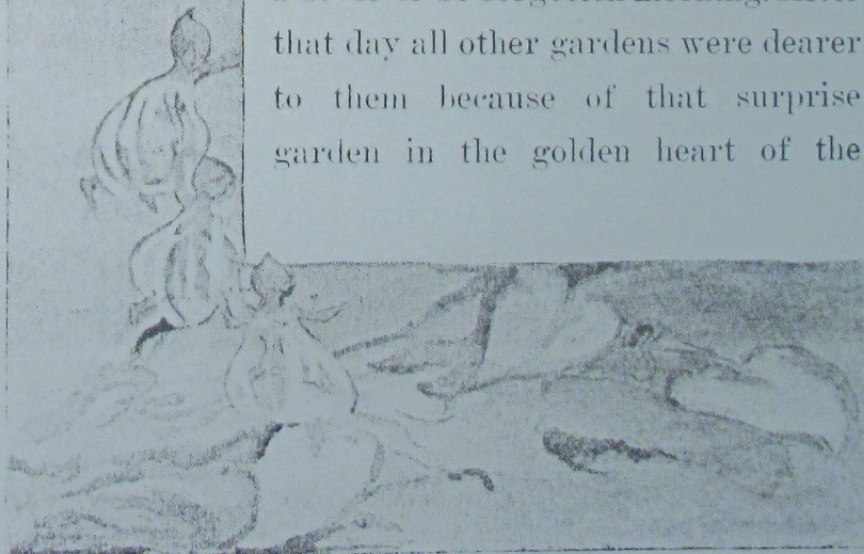
and the leaves of a giant tree, the sun came streaming through, for 'twas midday. Here was a spot where the sun deepened its gold, for out of the knots of the old stump grew golden French marigolds, and purple pansies and iris, and wood orchids, sweet william and forget-me-nots blue, and larkspur; morning-glories and scarlet runners ran everywhere.

"How did the seed get here?" exclaimed the children.

"Look at the Jack-in-the-pulpit, and the brown pansies with their golden hearts, and love-in-the-mist! It must



be a fairy garden! Let us pretend we are the King and the Queen of the Fairies, and that we have for our gardeners the gnomes, and the nymphs, and the sprites, and the sylphs." And so they played, and as they played, an old, old man joined them in their play and told them stories about the gnomes, and the sylphs, and the sprites, about the flowers, and their meaning to him; and the children spent a never-to-be-forgotten morning. After that day all other gardens were dearer to them because of that surprise garden in the golden heart of the



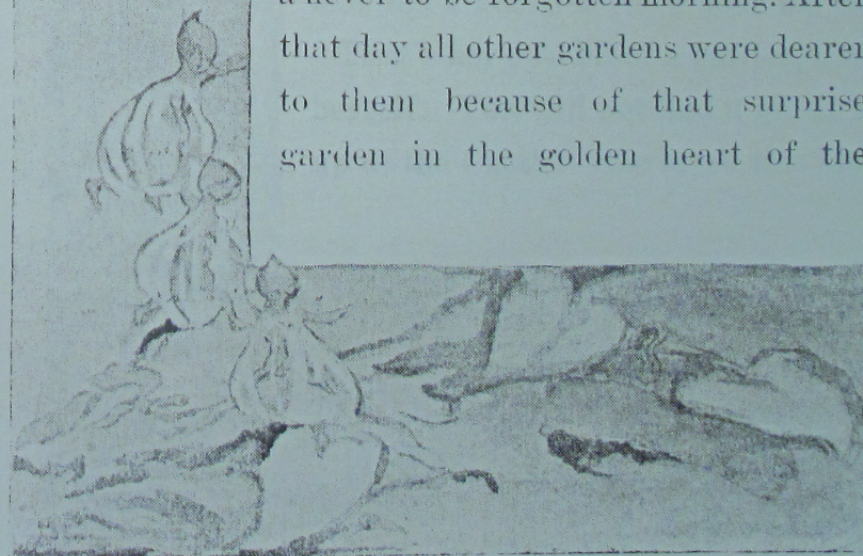
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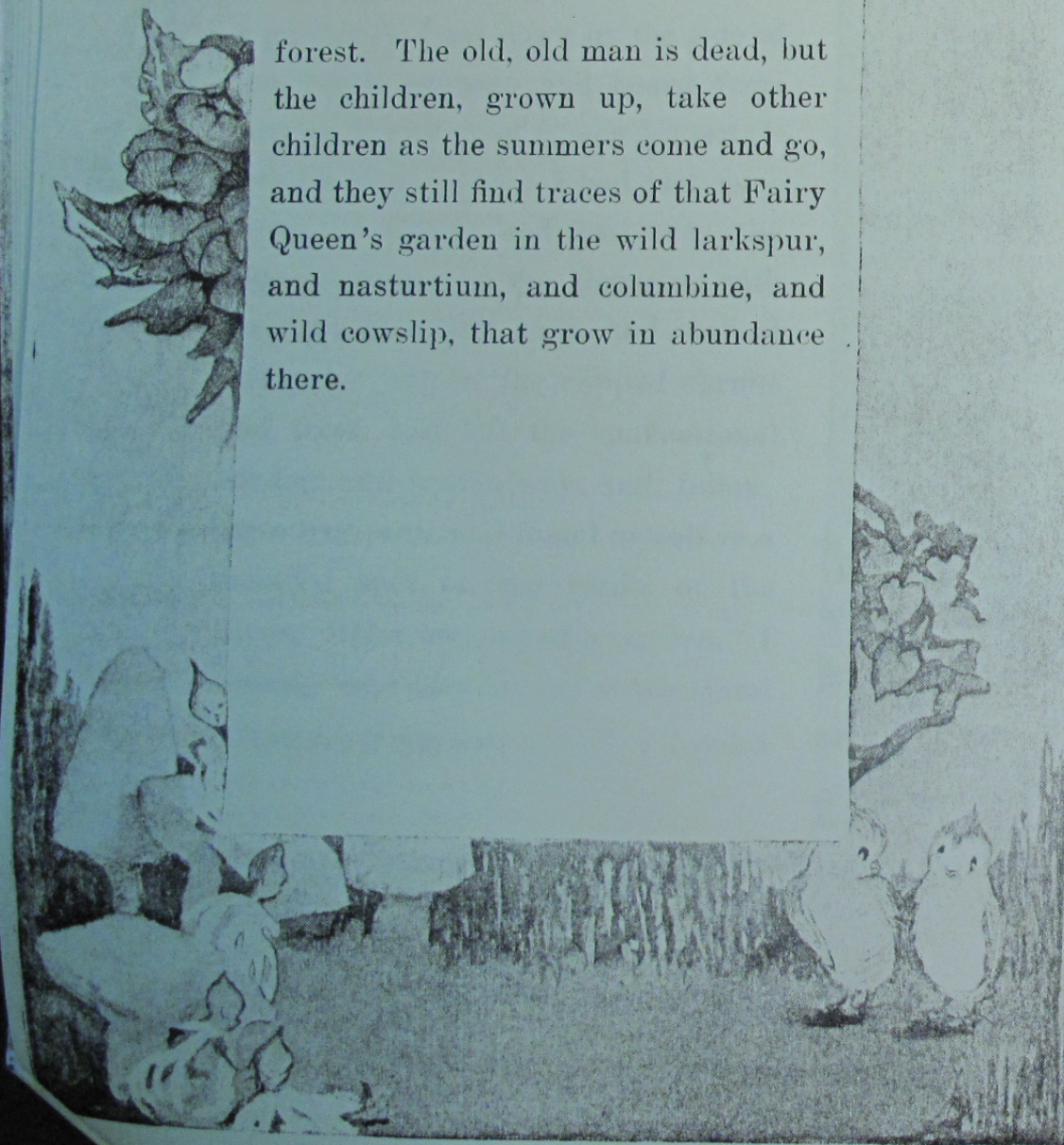
"Look at the Jack-in-the-pulpit, and the brown pansies with their golden hearts, and love-in-the-mist! It must



be a fairy garden! Let us pretend we are the King and the Queen of the Fairies, and that we have for our gardeners the gnomes, and the nymphs, and the sprites, and the sylphs." And so they played, and as they played, an old, old man joined them in their play and told them stories about the gnomes, and the sylphs, and the sprites, about the flowers, and their meaning to him; and the children spent a never-to-be-forgotten morning. After that day all other gardens were dearer to them because of that surprise garden in the golden heart of the



forest. The old, old man is dead, but the children, grown up, take other children as the summers come and go, and they still find traces of that Fairy Queen's garden in the wild larkspur, and nasturtium, and columbine, and wild cowslip, that grow in abundance there.



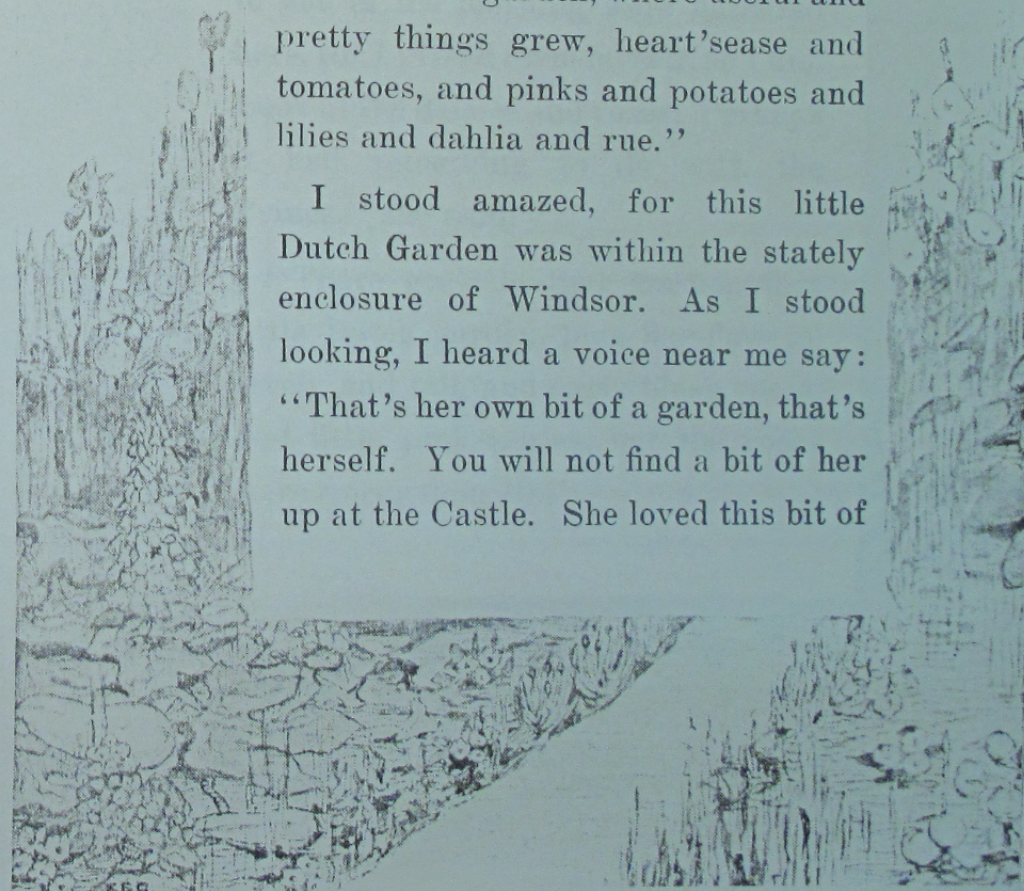
WINDSOR, ENGLAND.


A REAL QUEEN'S GARDEN.

A Garden of Love.

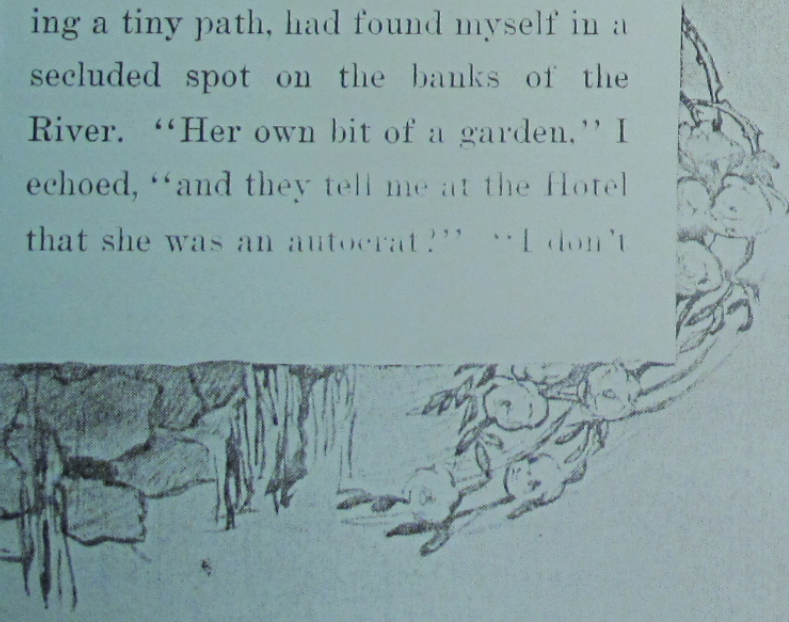
"I PASSED by a garden, a little Dutch garden, where useful and pretty things grew, heart'sease and tomatoes, and pinks and potatoes and lilies and dahlia and rue."

I stood amazed, for this little Dutch Garden was within the stately enclosure of Windsor. As I stood looking, I heard a voice near me say: "That's her own bit of a garden, that's herself. You will not find a bit of her up at the Castle. She loved this bit of






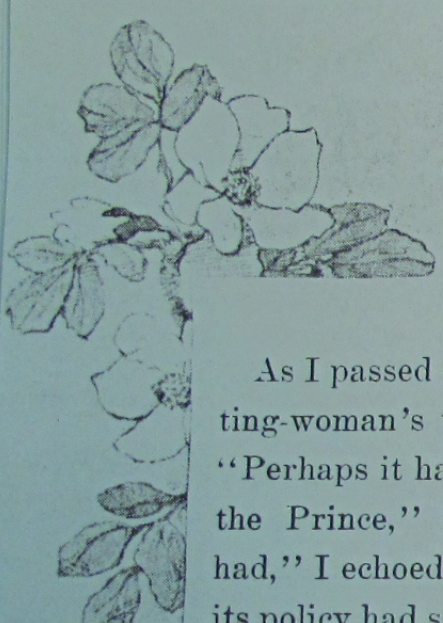
a garden." I sat down by the side of the knitting-woman and heard from her lips the story of Queen Victoria's own bit of a garden. I had just come from the Castle and had seen the hideous rooms of the Georges, with their purples and reds, had walked down the path of the clipped shrubs and trees, had left the conventional borders and beaten way, and, following a tiny path, had found myself in a secluded spot on the banks of the River. "Her own bit of a garden," I echoed, "and they tell me at the Hotel that she was an autocrat?" "I don't



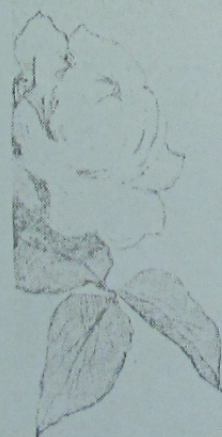

know about that," she said, "but I do know that she loved flowers and that she loved this tiny garden better than all at Windsor. When she came to the Castle, the flowers that were sent to her in the morning were gathered here, for I picked them myself, so I did. Look at the daisies and roses. Perhaps it had something to do with the Prince," she said.

"There grew in that garden, that little Dutch garden, blue flag-flowers, lovely and tall, and early blush roses, and little pink posies, but the roses were fairer than all."





As I passed down the path, the knitting-woman's voice floated after me: "Perhaps it had something to do with the Prince," she said. "Maybe it had," I echoed, for her whole life and its policy had something to do with the Prince who had taken his pocket knife and cut a slit in the lapel of his hunting-jacket that her fair hands might place therein a flower—one single rose.

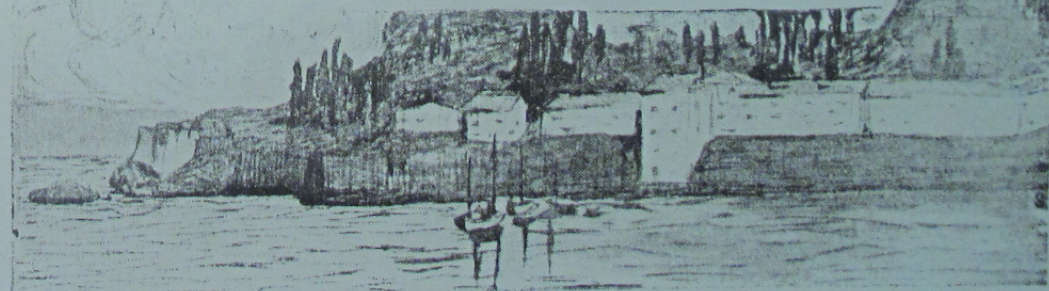



CORFU, IONIAN ISLANDS.

AN UNHAPPY QUEEN'S GARDEN.

A Garden of Inheritance.

THE gardens of the Empress of Austria are built upon the very spot declared by Byron to be "the most wonderful spot in the world, commanding, as it does, a view of two of the bluest of seas—the Adriatic and the Mediterranean." "These gardens took one thousand five hundred workmen two years to build," said the guide. To reach these gardens we had to drive through miles of white, dusty roadway, bordered on either side by





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